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and misjudgment, because he was a martyr for a great cause, for his new art, in which he believed implicitly. The fate of his works—whatever of them is lasting—will be decided by the future. His dramas, "Axel" and "Le Nouveau Monde," contain scarcely a single line for posterity, except the next generation should be particularly curious about studying antiquated biographical notes and remarkable sentences of physiological and philological interest, for this eccentric was a great master of style, a bold juggler with words. The "Contes Cruelles," "Amour Suprême" and "Contes Insolites," in which lyricism groans in the claws of irony, contain a few pages of pain, perhaps, on which fresh tears may fall again and again. But the work created by his soul's innermost hatred which he flung at the mob—the embodiment of this century—the work which was superior even to Flaubert, "Bouvard and Pecuchet" in its deathly wildness, is "Tribulet Bonhomme." It will never die, because it contains the absolute dignity of the artist and the absolute baseness of humanity.

"VIVAS to all those who have been fired, and to all the defeated wielders of the brush! And to the numberless unexhibited pictures, equal to the greatest pictures exhibited!"

HARRY DUESSEL, the "king of the buckeye painters," who can turn out a dozen 20x30 canvases a day, has been engaged by the firm of E. W. Aikins, 54 Vesey Street, for \$50 per week to paint buckeyes, "with both hands," for the export trade with Africa and Australia. Dussel is not without talent, he possesses a marvelous skill—art of course is not *allowed* in his profession. But he is at least an example of a man who makes a decent living with—painting.

DURAND RUEL affords us another lesson in art with the exhibit of Camille Pissaro, a Dane of Portuguese descent, born in St. Thomas and living in France, a master of the oldest line of impressionists, who identified himself with the theory of painting with the combination of pure unadulterated color dots and that the eyes thereafter will do the rest. Pissaro appears this time principally as the painter of bridges, quays, long rows of houses, soaring chimneys, sonorous sky-lines and bird's eye views of city crowds and river traffic. He paints with a bold, vehement, crude touch, and of late is very fond of greyish tones, that enhance the brutal realities with a poetical charm. Hats off! gentlemen, before these poets of modern city life. One man like Pissaro in New York, and our city would become dearer and more beautiful to us!

FIFTY years of bad luck! Such is the fate of old R. L. Pyne the landscape painter, who lives at the ramshackle, old-fashioned studio building, 1267 Broadway. It is now forty-seven years ago since he left St. John and came to New York as a boy of 16. He already knew something of life; at an early age he was obliged to help to support his family and had served an apprenticeship as printer and sign painter. In New York he determined to become an artist, but many years elapsed before he could realize his ambition. Any amount of obstacles were put in his way. He had married and had children and could only paint in leisure hours, all his other time being taken up in the endeavor to provide for his family

by inferior work, interior decoration, etc. Not before 1870, after incessant hard times, heart-rendering domestic troubles and sorrows, when his poor wife had died, he took up painting as a profession. Then the hard times, which are proverbial with struggling artists without means, began. Only they were easier to bear, as he was alone. In days of dispossession and starvation he had at least his art to console him. And he remained true to her through all vicissitudes, and never degraded himself to potboiling. In hours of despair he also tried his hands at it, but simply couldn't do it. Now and then he had a stroke of luck, a moderate success, but popularity and fame would not come. And since 1889 his pictures have been steadily refused by the Academy. Every year he makes a new effort, but in vain. At last, this year, he has once more gained admission. Do his pictures deserve such indifference? Hardly. There is a good deal of merit to them, and on the average are much better than many that are hung on the line, as people may convince themselves by looking at samples of his work at Macbeth's and Avery's. What a pity that he invariably gets them so muddy in color! He works at them so long until they become dark in tone, like his life, a sort of reflexion of his martyrdom. His studio, sad in its emptiness, with its walls covered with these dark, unsold pictures, have almost a depressing influence on the visitor. One day, when one of his large pictures was exhibited in Dillon's store at Sixth avenue, a rich man stepped out of his carriage and, entering the store, asked, "How much do you want for the Inness you have in the window?" Mr. Dillon answered, "It is no Inness, but just as good a piece of work." "No Inness!" ejaculated the man who wanted to buy a name, "then I don't want it!" and abruptly left the store. This event has thrown a pale halo over Pyne's whole life and given him strength to overcome many a severe trial. He still hopes on, and who knows if not, some day, when the colors on his pictures have mellowed, they may be discovered in some garret and enter the art world in a more dignified manner than hitherto? True enough, they will not set the world on fire, but they may be at least appreciated as the sincere efforts of a man who loved his art above all else and, despite deficiencies, had a keen understanding for nature and considerable ability to express it. There is to me a good deal of pathos in Mr. Pyne's story, those fifty years of bad luck without potboiling. A lesson of an indestructible belief in the ideal, of a glorious life-long struggle against fate and circumstances. When I see that old, white-haired man, still persevering and expectant despite all his failures and humiliations, working simply for art's sake, I say to myself: "Whatever may be the future of his pictures, his work has not been in vain. It is the cruel law of human life that hundreds of men must drudge their whole lives away in order that one succeeds, not a bit better than they; and the same way it is in art, hundreds of talents must struggle and suffer in vain that one may reach the cloud-wrapped summit of popularity and fame. And that road is sure to lead over many corpses, and many of the nobler altruistic qualities of man have to be left far behind in the valley of unknown names. Life is brutal, old Pyne. This way or that way, what is the difference?"